



# HIOU·TENAS·IKTAH

EDWARD·JAY·ALLEN



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*Edward Jay Allen*



# HIOU TENAS IKTAH

BY

EDWARD JAY ALLEN



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TO  
THE DEAREST LITTLE WOMAN  
IN THE WORLD





## HIOU TENAS IKTAH

THIS Chinook title ("A Lot of Trifles ") is descriptive of the contents of this volume. Certainly if they depended upon their merits for publication they would never have known print. They are published for a very few, and will be in possession only of those whose regard for the writer will disarm just criticism.

To say that the *raison d'être* of their publication was deference to the earnest desire of those nearest and dearest to me, is probably only to offer a new proof that mankind has not changed greatly since the too willing Adam palliated his offense by urging, "The woman tempted me and I did eat."

E. J. A.

"EDGEHILL," *October*, 1900.



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HIOU TENAS IKTAH



## WRITTEN ON MISS GUSSIE'S FAN

WHEN SHE WAS LEAVING HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

MUSIC's fair self doth bid us all good-by,  
And we remain where lingering tones yet tell  
In dying cadence of the dear hours gone,  
And of the dear friend bidding us farewell.

Yet speed thee on thy joyous homeward way,  
For kind friends there stand hopeful at the gate ;  
But yet look back and hope life ever may  
As now, where friends are left, show friends that  
wait.

And when fate brings, as certainly it will,  
The one to whom all else is naught beside,  
May after years be all as full of hope  
As filled the heart of the expectant bride.

TO A. S., ACCOMPANIED BY A BASKET OF  
THORN BURRS

THROUGH Life's journey, bright or drear,  
Many thorns like these are seen ;  
Through Life's desert there and here  
Are isles of flowers, and thorns between.

Mischance will teach, though dearly bought,  
To 'scape the thorn, yet pluck the flower,  
By guarding 'gainst dark afterthought  
While we enjoy the present hour.

Pray God that you may never rue  
The thistles keen of nettles sown ;  
Be these the only thorns that you  
May ever own.

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF EDNA'S DIARY  
WHEN A CHILD

BEAR record on thy stainless leaves  
Of stainless youth and early spring,  
With all the thoughts the springtime weaves,  
And all its glad, sweet blossoming.

O tender thoughts, O loving years,  
The bright earth brings its fruits and wine ;  
And reaches out, in smiles and tears,  
To all the glow of summertime.

O radiant Youth, the circling suns,  
That sweep the dewy morns away,  
But promise, when the twilight comes,  
The sunshine of another day.

O glorious hope, O faith sublime,  
That lives beyond our childish years !  
For trusting still, this harvest time,  
We cast aside our trembling fears,

And know that when the coming night  
From earthly hope all ties shall sever,  
A brighter sun, with glorious light,  
Shall shine upon our lives forever.

TO MY DAUGHTER MAY (EASTER MORN-  
ING, "EDGEHILL ")

AMID the bloom of early spring,  
In April smiles and April tears,  
The little maiden came to bring  
Surcease from all our loving fears.

The orchard blooms have come and gone,  
And fleeting years, with eager feet,  
Have borne the little maiden on  
Where womanhood and girlhood meet.

But in this joyous Easter-time  
We pluck the blossoms from the peach,  
And, dreaming of the days lang syne,  
Forget the years beyond our reach.

In loving thought of earlier days,  
In loving thought of years between,  
We give again the orchard sprays  
To "Little Blossom," sweet sixteen.

## TWILIGHT

SILENT within is the empty room,  
Solemn without is the darkening moor ;  
A dreary void in my heart to-night,  
Sitting alone in the open door.

The darkening shadows flit over the plain,  
The bleak, gray sky closes down on the lea ;  
Memory wakens her sorrows again,  
Night and sadness companion me.

A funeral train in the heart to-night,  
Ah, hopes that are lost ! ah, friends that are  
    gone !  
Ah, hours that are fled ! so gayly sped,  
In fair lands under the western sun.

Shadows without and shadows within,  
Shadows that stretch from the far blue sea ;  
Trooping like spectres, weird and dim,  
All the sad years come back to me.

Silently glides my wife to my side,  
Beaming with love are her gentle eyes,  
Softly her dear hand, pressing mine,  
Gladdens my soul with a sweet surprise.

Close, close to my heart ! The shadows depart,  
Serene the moon rises over the plain ;  
The dead years are dust, and love's gentle trust  
Is mine, and I face the bleak world again.



## IN MEMORIAM

PRESS onward in the path of life,  
We scarce may linger here to weep.  
Press forward to the daily strife,  
The while our tears run deep.  
The old, old grief ! some time the sun  
Shines sadly down on every one.

The old, old grief ! So fair, so young,  
No words have said, no song has sung,  
Such grace as his. The sun is dim ;  
Its wistful light shines down on him  
Shrouded beneath the winter snow,  
Dead, and ah ! we loved him so.

A bitter world. We fain would weep,  
And yet we cannot think him dead ;  
This death is but a sadder sleep.  
O eyes of love, O fair young head,  
O restless feet ! Still in the clay  
We loved him so, — but yesterday.

Only one longing, eager gaze  
Into the world so fair to see,

One eager look — his summer days  
Lapsed to their quiet close, and he,  
Upon the threshold of his years,  
His burden laid of hopes and fears.

The old, old grief ! how old a grief !  
Our sorrow seems as yet so near,  
It seems almost beyond belief  
That he is gone, and we are here.  
His cap lies there, his book half read ;  
We cannot — cannot — think him dead.

Speed, Time, your flight, and bear us on ;  
He cannot stoop, but we may rise  
To wing our flight where he has gone  
Beyond our grief, beyond our sighs.  
Press onward, for the path he trod  
Shall lead us, also, up to God.

## AT CHURCH

THE grand old hymn was pealing down the  
aisles

The melody that thro' the centuries dim  
Gave hope and comfort to the faint and worn,  
With earnest praise and prayerful hope in Him  
Who died that weary ones immortal rest might  
win.

His gray hair drooped upon his folded palms,  
The aged pastor knelt within the altar place,  
And as the waves of music, murmuring, ceased,  
Sent up his quavering plaint for Heaven's grace,  
As one who knoweth God is with him, face to  
face.

So kneeled and prayed the men of ages gone,  
With faith that soared to the Eternal's throne,  
And gave to tender hope assurance clear ;  
Their tones down through the centuries come,  
And yet I hear the aged pastor's voice alone.

O simple faith ! O earnest soul and true !  
Thy words seem music echoing from the shore,

Whose golden sands and gleaming waters woo  
The footprints of the godlike men of yore,  
Whose ringing words shall echo through the  
ages evermore.

The plaint thrills thro' me like a yearning pain,  
And prisoned prayer doth throb my heart within ;  
I cannot breathe the pleading, tho' full fain,  
And yet I know that loving angel kin  
Would bear the words to Heaven, could I but  
utter them.

## ABSENT

ABSENT, yet thou art here ;  
What though the weary leagues divide ?  
Press close, ah, closer to my side !  
I feel the magic of thy love to-night  
Pulsing across the shadow and the light ;  
Nearer, my love, more near !

Still linger, gentle hours,  
And smile upon the ebbing care and gloom ;  
The glow of hope and home is in the room ;  
Within its light I walk with pride,  
Loving and loved, for she is by my side  
Strewing the way with flowers.

Ah, Sweet, thy tender hand  
Hath led, when failed the schoolman's lore.  
The Love that, scorning time and space, can soar  
Beyond their bounds, hath life beyond the earth.  
Enshrine me in thy heart, and lead me forth  
Into the Unknown Land.

## DRIFTING

THE bygone years are with the dead ;  
Peace to the past ; but overhead  
The summer sun shines warm and fair  
And gilds fond hope with golden beam ;  
And mellow murmurs 'round our boat  
With raptures thrill the radiant air,  
As idly down the stream we float,  
And dream, and dream.

My love and I, the world is old ;  
In ages past have hearts grown cold ;  
Above the wrecks so darkly gleamed  
The tide which now so fair doth seem.  
Bright faces gone, that fondly deemed  
The world was fair and lovers true,  
And drifted on, as I with you,  
And dreamed, and dreamed.

My love and I, the world is young,  
Though wrecks drift by where hopes have clung ;  
My love and I, true heart of mine,  
The listening winds may sigh and deem  
Our hearts, like those who loved before,

May sink beneath the tides of time ;  
But side by side, thy hand in mine,  
We dream, and dream.

The world is old, the world is young ;  
In ages past sweet words were sung ;  
The melody adown the years  
Has floated on the murmuring stream.  
The loves of old are on the tide,  
Their glorious hopes, their gentle fears,  
My love and I ; cling to my side,  
And dream, and dream.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING

TO H. W. O., JR.

O WINDS of March, breathe soft and low  
The promises of early spring,  
And hopes of fifty years ago,  
When merry marriage bells did ring,  
And thrilling through the balmy air  
Went echoing down the happy days,  
In music for the wedded pair  
And cheer for all the pleasant ways.

Sweet memories of youth and love,  
When March snowed daisies o'er the land,  
And vernal skies were fair above,  
And Spring and Hope went hand in hand !  
Into our heart of hearts to-night  
Come wedding guests. Sweet welcome here  
As in that time of dear delight  
And solemn vows, gone fifty year.

All good friends, welcome ! Time speeds on,  
But love shall never find an end ;  
Though spring has faded, summer gone,  
In peace our autumn days we spend.



Thank God, we're claspéd hand in hand,  
'Mid cares that every one must know,  
As when the sunshine decked the land  
That springtime, fifty years ago.

Though far the isle across the sea,  
And wild waves roll the waste between,  
To-night the leagues are naught, and we  
Are looking on the meadows green.  
The robin's song is sweet and clear,  
In hedgerows where the timid hare  
Shrinks close to catch, with listening ear,  
The signal from the sentinel air.

And hopes and dreams of years to come,  
And tender thoughts fill all the days.  
Ah, wife ! God bless the dear old home ;  
Though absent from familiar ways,  
To-night our youth again comes back,  
In memory of the scenes so dear,  
And full across the ocean track  
Sweeps the strong tide of fifty year.

God bless the new home ! Bless the land  
That cheers the guest from every shore,  
And stretches out an eager hand  
And opens wide the friendly door.  
Where he who sows may harvest in,  
Where he who toils may rest, or when

He strives, the highest goal may win ;  
God bless the land of equal men !

Aye, He has blessed it ; never yet  
In centuries hath such glory been ;  
On nations old the sun may set,  
And still this glowing light be seen.  
Through ages shall this banner wave,  
Through ages shall its radiance be  
A guide for loyal men and brave,  
A beacon till the world be free.

Give praise to whom our thanks are due ;  
Good wife, the years have kindly been,  
Blessings have crowned the old home and the  
                  new ;  
In olden days we little dreamed, I ween,  
Of all these sturdy children at our knees ;  
Humble thanks for all, for all our store,  
For Indian-summer days and hours of ease,  
And most, that all are gathered here once more.

A wistful eye ? Ah, yes, the mother's heart,  
Where once the baby fingers soft have pressed,  
Will aye throb to the thought, can never part  
With earliest love. O loving breast,  
While I was dreaming the old dreams again  
Of early springtime when we first were wed,  
The mother-love was feeling the old pain  
For bright eyes dim, and daisies overhead.

Thank God for all, for tender thought,  
For present good. All things are well ;  
For all things the dear Lord hath wrought,  
Who can His wisdom doubt, His mercy tell ?  
To us He gave the earth ; cling hand in hand,  
For love's eternal, and with dear ones gone,  
Abides forever in the better land  
To which through fifty years we're pressing on.

So, gather 'round the hearth to-night,  
Make this with joy and festive cheer,  
And kindly thought, and faces bright,  
The happiest night of all the year.  
And would that over seas so drear  
March winds could bear a message kind,  
Of greeting from our circle here  
For those we loved and left behind.

What though our heads are silvered o'er  
With frosts that tell of winter snow,  
What though the summers nevermore  
Shall shine like summers long ago ?  
We care not, so within our eyes  
Shines dear and pure the olden light,  
And still our wedded life we prize,  
As in those days of dear delight.

The springs shall lose their tender green,  
The summer roses fade and fall,  
The painted autumns dim their sheen,

And winter frost reign over all ;  
But love beyond the lapse of time  
Shall live in purity and truth  
Forever in a heavenly clime,  
Immortal in immortal youth.

O fifty years of joy and grief !  
O fifty years, within whose pale  
No moment found an unbelief,  
No moment saw affection fail !  
O heart so strong ! O heart so true !  
My refuge in all doubts and fears,  
To-night I pledge my love anew,  
O golden bride of fifty years !

WRITTEN FOR COUSIN JOHN'S WOODEN  
WEDDING

HEARTY welcome to-night, good friends, one and  
all,  
God bless us ; to-night we 'll be merry together ;  
Hand to hand — heart to heart — whatever be-  
fall,  
Where true love is present, there 's ever fair  
weather.

There are clouds, as we know, the dear wife and I,  
And storms in our life, they come and they go ;  
But love, like a sun, clears up the dark sky,  
And we learn that life's lesson is patience ;  
and so

If I 've learned that the angel I wooed was a  
woman,  
Why, better for me, God bless the dear wife ;  
If she learned that her hero, alas ! was but hu-  
man,  
The better for both, — we 've a happier life.

Babies ? Yes, three of them, plump as you see,  
Healthy and bright, from the toddler down

26      JOHN'S WOODEN WEDDING

To the cherub that croons on his mother's knee.  
It seems a most wonderful thing to me

How patient a mother will be with her child ;  
Could the angels be any more tender and true?  
Ah ! friends, the Mother is dearer to me  
Than any weak dream of youth that I knew.

So we 're happy to-night, and we bid you good-  
cheer,  
For, husband and children and wife altogether,  
We 're happier far because you are here ;  
With friendship and love there is always fair  
weather.

TO MR. AND MRS. S. S. C.

ON THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE

DRAW both the oaken shutters near,  
Draw down the curtain-folds of snow,  
And let the light from chandelier  
Reflect the firelight's golden glow,

Till shadows dim, with lingering feet  
Flit out into the darkening night,  
And, sighing down the weary street,  
Leave hope and joy and radiance bright.

Shut out all thoughts of winter drear ;  
Shut out the moaning, chilling wind ;  
And grouped about the fireside here,  
All precious thoughts and fancies find.

Sweet peace, drop down like gentle rain  
Thy blessings on this bridal day,  
Which fleeting time has brought again,  
While Love strewed roses on the way.

Seven circling years, O robber Time,  
Though swept into the eternal past,  
Their memory, like church-bell chime,  
Shall echo sweetly to the last.

O coming years, bring flowers to greet  
This twain, who, clasping hand in hand,  
Go forth in faith thy steps to meet,  
While Time shakes down his golden sand.

One, self-reliant, earnest, still,  
One seeking others' good alone,  
Both acting with a common will,  
God's blessing on their pleasant home!

Throw back the oaken shutters wide,  
Open the curtain-folds of snow;  
Shine out upon the bleak wayside  
The gleaming, golden firelight's glow.

Haply the weary passer-by,  
Cheered by the rays of ruddy light,  
Shall linger by the window nigh,  
And bless the homelike radiance bright.

A token blest, for who may say  
How many hearts have known new cheer,  
Because she shone upon their way,  
Who bids us joyful welcome here.

May all their wishes join with ours,  
And make this house their loving throne,  
And strew the coming years with flowers,  
And bring God's blessing on this home.



## ANTE BELLUM

1852

WHAT THE DREAMER SAID TO THE SOUTH WIND

O SWEET South Wind, blow o'er me thy soothing summer air ;  
In thy slumberous, murmuring music, let me drowse away my care ;  
Let me dream the dreams of youth as once I did of yore ;  
Bring me visions of the springtime, of the days that are no more.

Ah, gentle wind, why ask we for more than life like this ?  
What more to have, what more to hope, what more has earth of bliss ?  
Why reckon we of the future ? Let the hours glide on their way ;  
Let the morrow bear its burden ; enough for us, to-day.

The prodigal magnolia has scattered incense rare,  
The scent of fragrant orange groves is in the odorous air,

And rippling tides on crescent shores, and billows  
on the sea ;

O balmy southern wind, that brings these mur-  
murs unto me !

Sweet music is thy murmuring, and yet me-  
thinks I dream

An undertone of sadness floats upon thy rhyth-  
mic stream.

Bring joyous strains, and banish all trace of pain  
and sorrow ;

Said I not, I live to-day, and reck not of the mor-  
row ?

Why tell of bleeding bondsmen ? Do you deem it  
well that I

In the hearing, lose the beauty of this glorious  
summer<sup>1</sup>sky ?

Why wilt thou hear their plaining, curséd with  
the curse of Cain,

Marked by God as beasts of burden, worthy only  
of the chain ?

Let them suffer and not murmur, O gentle  
southern breeze ;

Bear not upon thy pinions the plaint of such as  
these ;

Bring me only odors, sensuous, dreamy, of the  
southern clime,

So I drowse in thy embracing and forget the  
lapse of time.

Shall I bear my brother's burden ? In the wis-  
dom of God's plan,

If he now is alien, outcast, bondsman to his fel-  
low man,

Why should I reckon ? To-day he, patient, bears  
the rod ;

To-morrow, if his wrong be foul, the right will  
come from God.

Then gentle wind, enwrap me within thy sweet  
embrace ;

Sing only of the orange blooms and summer's  
sunny grace ;

Lost in thy soothing music, the hours go drifting  
by

As idly as the fleecy clouds across the azure sky.

## IN ARMIS

1862

WHAT THE SOUTH WIND SAID TO THE DREAMER

AGAIN I hear the South Wind sweep o'er our  
    Northern line ;  
Arise, and hark the surging, O dreaming soul of  
    mine !  
Sobbing and sighing in the gusts and with the  
    roll of drums,  
And battle shout, and cannon roar, and shriek of  
    shell, it comes.

And dying groan, and triumph cheer, and clash  
    of bayonet,  
With bugle call, and tramp of horse in deadly  
    combat met,  
And crash of arms. The lull of strife, — again  
    the dropping shot,  
O God ! what horror in the air ! Is this the peace  
    I sought ?

And high above these thunder sounds, a starv-  
    ing, wailing moan  
Thrills through my heart ; a chilling fear sways  
    me at every tone ;

O constant wind, that still doth bear the bonds-  
man's plaints to me,  
How sadder in these war's alarms than erst they  
seemed to be.

List ! List ! Great God ! Not Afric's sons' but  
kindred's voice it seems,  
Starving, and we stand idle here ! Awake we  
from our dreams !  
Rush to your arms, — rise, freemen all ! myself  
will lead the van ;  
March ye onward to the rescue, press ye forward,  
every man !

Stay, dreamer under summer skies. Not yours  
to lead the line ;  
To light the path to freedom needs a purer hand  
than thine ;  
Thou couldst listen to the bondsman as he wept  
beneath the rod ;  
Thy kindred are not kindred, more than these are,  
unto God.

Thou couldst prate of God's ordaining, bid him,  
patient, bear his fate ;  
Drowse *now* in the summer sunshine. Do *thou*  
God's patience wait ;  
Fool ! when thou knew heaven's portals ope to  
men of every clime,

Thou couldst waste thy life in scorning — Is his  
future not as thine ?

Humbly I hear. O weak ! O blind ! — that  
could not dimly see

The wrong I did not strive to right was wrong  
done unto me.

The chains that bound their slaves of yore our  
brethren bind to-day ;

Mine own hands helped the forging — what sad-  
der can I say ?

Arise, take up thine arms ; thou, too, art worthy  
of the fight,

The land shakes with an armed tread, Humility  
is Might.

Fall into line. Ho ! sweep along, loose every  
clanking chain ;

All men are kindred, — make them free, and leave  
to God the gain.

What though your legions yesterday were well-  
nigh forced to yield ?

Shout the battle cry of freedom ; lo ! God is in  
the field.

Burst open every prison gate. The glorious sun  
to-day

Shines on your arms victorious — Jehovah leads  
the way.

## SIGEL

HARK to the battle cry !  
Hark to the deep-mouthed cannon's roar,  
Beside the river's brink ; from shore to shore  
The echoes sweep the mountain crags along ;  
Potomac's classic tide, Kanawha's stream  
Take up and thunder back the echoing song.  
The rebel soldier wakens from his dream  
And trembles, as the mountains o'er and o'er  
Shout " Sigel ! Sigel in the field once more ! "

Grand old Missouri hears the sound,  
And listening by the Mississippi's brim  
She, too, exultant, shouts the praise of him  
Who on her southern borderland  
Met and hurled back the locust band  
That ravaged her fair fields. Once more,  
O brave, stretch forth thy warlike hand to save.  
Missouri's plains now echo to thy glory ;  
Virginia's mountains shall repeat the story.

Hail to thee, German Land !  
And thou, O children of the sunny Rhine !  
Whose blood in freedom's cause has flowed like  
wine ;

To thee all hail ! Once more upon the field  
Thy chosen chief his battle brand will wield.  
Nor thou alone may'st throb with patriot pride ;  
We proudly in the strife stand by thy side,  
And battle hand in hand.



GARFIELD, 1881

*Le roi est mort*

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘Here he lies,’  
And ‘Dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

SWEEP in, wild waves, upon the shore,  
With sobbing gusts die on the strand;  
Thy music cheereth nevermore  
The loved of all this loving land.  
Call back thy spirits of the mist  
That strove, thro’ all the solemn night,  
To spread their silvery robes and veil  
This sorrow from the morning light,

And wept before the questioning sun  
That rent the fleecy robes away,  
And arrowy gleams sent blazoning down  
To where the Nation’s Martyr lay.

Fade, mist, and fall in gentle dew,  
As falls the teardrops from our eyes;  
Shine, sun, upon the face so true;  
Light up the life so pure and wise.

O scholar, learned in worldly lore ;  
O soldier, born to take command ;  
O statesman, in whose brain this store  
Of gifts wrought wonders for the land !

O heart, so ready to endure ;  
O heart, so tender yet so true ;  
O dauntless courage, true and pure ;  
O patient faith, 'mid scoff and wrong !

Thanks, kindly Death ; the wordy strife,  
And arrows barbed of contests keen —  
The earnest of an earnest life,  
Have faded from this face serene.

Dead, dead ! O calm, cold face !  
We see it through our blinding tears.  
All passionless, sealed with the grace  
And promise of the eternal years.

Sweep in, wild waves, upon the shore,  
In requiem die upon the strand,  
And sing of him for evermore,  
The loved of all this loving land.

## AD CÆLUM

GARFIELD, 1881

UPWARD, beyond the thrall of earth, to realms of  
light,  
The spirit, freed from mortal taint, quick sped  
its flight ;  
Fame rose on swifter wing, and at Heaven's  
gate,  
Sang the triumphant song of him who dies  
Crowned with the proudest honors of the state,  
And laurel-wreathed, as having won earth's great-  
est prize.

Swelling in great melodious chords, the music  
swept  
Up to the golden threshold where the Angel  
kept  
Bright watch and ward to care who entered in,  
And still, while listening, kept the watch with  
dole,  
And wept to think such honors might not win  
Eternal rest, fit guerdon for the weary soul.

The while the spirit meek, with patient courage  
stood  
Hopeful, and yet submissive to the Master's  
mood,  
Lo, upward from the dim earth swinging low,  
Came pleading voices on the charmed air,  
Sweet woman's plaint, and old men's tones, and  
children's, where  
A nation knelt in Heaven-aspiring, fervent prayer.

And tears that fell upon the earth as tho' in vain,  
In tender morn-like mist came heavenward again,  
And glowed in golden rays, as if to greet  
His radiant presence in the open door,  
While angels welcomed home with music sweet  
Him who had won Heaven's rest for evermore.

For love is born of Heaven, the angels sing,  
And he who, purged of earthly dross, may bring  
The measure of such love from mortal state  
Has heritage of Heaven ; and it were meet  
That he should joyous enter at the golden gate,  
And lay his precious treasure at the Master's feet.

“FALL IN!” COMRADES

HERE are the old boys together again, the Boys  
in Blue ;

God bless us all, comrades, old friends. Here 's  
both hands to you.

I seem to hear the bugle call, and martial music  
sweet,

And see the flash of the guns, and hear the  
tramp of marching feet,

The deep boom of the cannon, the muskets'  
crackling rattle,

The yells, and fierce assault upon the thin blue  
line of battle,

And the wild cheers of our comrades, as our eager  
column comes,

Pressing forward from the distance to the plead-  
ing of the guns.

It is but a moment's glow. We are old, we Boys  
in Blue,

We close up our lines with stout hearts, but our  
numbers grow few,

We feel that the years speed away, and our  
marches are done ;

We dream of the past, and live in the days that  
are gone.

When we furled the old flag and broke ranks, we  
Boys in Blue,  
The new paths we trod led away from the old  
friends we knew,  
For life's struggles are single, each must bear his  
own brunt,  
The combat is not as in war, with a company  
front.

And the buying and selling we do is but selfish  
at best ;  
The care for our own leaves small time for a  
thought of the rest ;  
And there often comes to us all a memory of  
simpler ways,  
The kindly deed, the generous trust, of good  
old soldierly days.

When our chosen comrade, in the days we wore  
the Blue,  
Made the ration, scant for one, with cheer a  
large content for two,  
When one blanket covered both, and in the  
camp-fire's fitful gleams  
We talk'd of home and friends 'til words lapsed  
into pleasant dreams,

And the silent stars looked down upon the quiet  
camps serene,  
Where the tented fields lay peaceful as in a  
summer's dream,  
And the circling hills around us bounded all the  
world we knew  
In the days we camped together, dear old com-  
rades of the Blue.

So wherever our lines have led us, we Boys in  
Blue,  
We never forget those earlier days, and our  
comrades stanch and true,  
And ever within our heart of hearts we held, with  
joy and pride,  
Friendship for comrades who lived, love for the  
comrades who died.

The wisdom of years has brought to those who  
loved the Boys in Blue  
A deeper sense of the heroes to whom their  
love was due,  
And they know the honor of station and of riches  
seem but small  
To the worth of those who fought for the flag  
that floats over us all.

O glorious flag of the fairest land that ever the  
sun shone on,

That gleams in the golden air with the light of  
victories won,  
With its silken folds caressing the war-worn,  
honored scars  
That won the stain from its stripes, and gave  
new hope to its stars!

With God's light in thy stars, O flag of the free,  
May the winds woo thy folds upon land and on  
sea.  
Till in glad years to come, with thy stripes in the  
van,  
All nations shall join the Republic of Man,

And over the earth bright freedom shall shine,  
And Might be o'ermastered, and Right be  
divine;  
And the peoples shall rise to a grand self-con-  
trol,  
And Justice and Truth rule and govern the  
whole.

When the nations, at peace, all as brothers shall  
be,  
And no bounds set a bar to the feet of the  
free,  
And each flag that floats shall but tell us again  
Of peace upon earth and good will toward  
men.



O flag, that the sorrowful years set on high  
For the hope of to-day, for the world's prophecy,  
May the stars in the blue of the heavenly dome  
See thy stars shining still in the ages to come!

O comrades who fought, O brave Boys of the  
Blue,  
Let the whole world bring tribute of love unto  
you  
Who suffered through all the passion-spent years,  
With their grief and their wounds — their  
blood and their tears.

O comrades, dear comrades, O Boys of the Blue,  
We are gray, we are old, but here 's both hands  
to you ;  
While we're marching downhill comes the old  
love anew,  
For we're marching together, dear Boys of the  
Blue!

## THE VETERAN

NAY, step aside, and give him space,  
Whose stained and threadbare suit of blue,  
And halting gait, and thin, worn face,  
Tells of the veteran tried and true ;  
And heed not, though with vacant stare  
He gives no way amid the crowd,  
But presses on with absent air,  
Half uttering his thoughts aloud.

For the crowded street has gone from his sight,  
And the ring of his heel is the sentry's tread ;  
The grim old walls in the noonday light  
Have faded away, and over his head  
Is the Southern sky, and sharp and clear  
The challenge rings out, Halt ! — Who goes  
there ?  
And the bayonet gleams, as he paces his round,  
With the enemy camped on the hills beyond.

And the wild Hurrah ! he hears again,  
Where the tattered flag leads the onward way,  
And the “ minics ” scream like the whistling rain ;  
But the trenches are ours, and the lines of gray

Are surging back as the flag sweeps on.

Oh, the patriot fire and the might of his hand,  
As he strikes for the victory almost won,  
And hears the joy bells ring through the land.

Oh, the glory of home! Sweet eyes that shine  
With the glow of love, when the dear name is  
seen

On the battle page. — Oh, the faith divine,  
That believed and knew — when the world did  
not dream,

That no Bayard of old bore a heart more pure  
Or courage more true, though day by day  
He only showed the strength to endure,  
And calmly plodded along his way.

No grief to-day for the shrunken limb,  
No sigh for the empty sleeve at his side,  
No regret for the past, — though his eyes grow  
dim,

And the light fades out of the battle pride  
Remembering, as our lines swept on,  
How gallant hearts went down to the dead,  
He heaves a sigh for his comrades gone,  
And walks along with a reverent head.

Stretch out long streets in narrowing line ;  
Flow murmurous tides of busy feet ;  
Beat, hammer, with a constant chime ;  
O river, surge, the wheel to greet ;

Smile, reaper, in thy sylvan home,  
And harvest with a certain hand ;  
The strife is o'er — the victory won,  
And gentle peace is in the land.

O Veteran, in whose gleaming eyes  
The glory of the past doth shine,  
In coming years the grandest prize —  
A nation's reverence shall be thine ;  
And burning words shall tell the world  
Thy noble deeds, who 'gainst the wrong  
The flag of freedom first unfurled,  
And suffering, made the nation strong.

And glistening eyes shall throb with tears  
At names that, stamped on History's page,  
Shall aye go ringing down the years,  
The heroes of this patriot age.  
Like martial music, sweet and strong,  
Thy name, with theirs, shall ever be  
Borne onward by the tides of song,  
And crowned with immortality.

## GETTYSBURG — THIRTY YEARS AFTER

WHERE down these silent slopes the changing  
leaves

Gleam brightly in these peaceful harvest days,  
Where through the leaning grass the warm sun  
weaves

The ruddy colors in a woof of golden haze ;

Where close-shorn fields tell of the harvest gain,  
And meadows lie serene beneath the sky,  
And sheltered in the sheaves of yellow grain,  
The quail pipes amorous to an amorous cry ;

Where fleecy clouds are drifting down the sky,  
And languorous shadows fall across the lea,  
Where from the stubble comes the noisy whirl  
Of cicada and honey-laden bee ;

And children's voices in the meadows, where,  
Barefooted, by the streams they gather flowers,  
Float faintly upward in the charmed air,  
And fill with melody the sunny hours ;

Where restful by the open cottage door,  
The ancient matron with her spinning-wheel

Drones out the homely song that evermore  
 Has sung the sweet content that only age can  
     feel ;

Where on this peaceful height the light serene  
 Dwells like a benediction ; and the summer sun  
 Shines with a gentle glow on all the scene,  
 To bless the sweet content the land has won, —

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Here stood the lines of blue, with steadfast feet,  
 While hell seemed raining from the sulphurous  
     air,

And hurtling shot and bursting bombshell beat  
 In thunderous hail upon this summit, where

[Unfinished.]

## OLD STEAMBOAT DAYS

I CAN feel the vessel quiver as we're booming  
up the river,  
Hear the dashing of the buckets by the panting  
steamer's side ;  
I can hear the deep bell tolling, see the Missis-  
sippi rolling  
In its surging, ceaseless flowing down toward  
the ocean tide.

The strident steam escaping echoes through the  
sombre draping  
Of the hooded cypress trees that brood beside  
the turbid stream ;  
The flashing furnace light throws a glow across  
the night,  
Where the solemn shadows deepen beyond the  
passing gleam.

I see the steam wreaths curling, the broad smoke  
flag unfurling,  
And the ceaseless creaking pilot wheel I hear ;  
The cabin lights are swinging, to the rhythmic  
cadenced ringing,  
And the tinkling of the swaying chandelier.

The grand Ohio highlands, the willow-margined  
islands,

The cornfields and the meadows to the water  
sloping down,

The rippling pebbly beaches, the long and silent  
reaches,

Where the river glides in silence past the sleepy  
little town.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, the olden days entrancing, when life seemed  
but romancing,

How changed are all the old familiar scenes,

Still the current deep and wide flows toward  
the ocean tide,

Far beyond the crescent shores of New Orleans.

[Unfinished.]



## SET TO MUSIC



## THE OLDEN TIME

ARRANGED TO THE AIR OF "DOWN BELOW," AND  
DEDICATED TO THE HOME CLUB

WE sing the song of olden time,  
Of childhood's merry day,  
Where memory fondly loves to twine  
The springing flowers of May.  
When life was young, and 'round us sprung  
The hopes of life's bright morn,  
That, with the tears of bygone years,  
Are gone, all gone.

CHORUS: Swell the chime of the merry  
olden time,  
When youth was in its prime,  
The merry olden time.

WE journey on through weary years,  
Along life's weary way,  
And watch the setting of life's sun,  
The dimming of its ray.  
But clear and bright still beams the light  
Our earlier days upon ;  
Tho' with the tears of bygone years,

They are gone, all gone.  
Swell the chime, etc.

So in the autumn of our years,  
And in its dreamy haze,  
We turn our eyes through misty tears  
To childhood's happier days,  
And sing the chime of summertime,  
The hopes of life's bright morn,  
That, with the tears of bygone years,  
Are gone, all gone.  
Swell the chime, etc.

## KATHLEEN O'MORE

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE MUSIC OF AN OLD IRISH  
BALLAD OF THAT NAME

OF sweet, gentle Kathleen, with eyes' loving  
light,  
How remembrance sweeps o'er me this sweet  
summer night.  
I dream of sweet Kathleen, my own loving Kath-  
leen,  
Sweet Kathleen O'More.

Her brown hair in waves like the calm summer  
sea,  
Rippled o'er her pure brow ; ah ! like Heaven to  
me  
Seemed sweet gentle Kathleen, my own loving  
Kathleen,  
Sweet Kathleen O'More.

In the morn's early gleam sweet Kathleen was  
seen  
Tripping over the meadow, across the bright  
stream,  
And the waves danced for Kathleen, sang music  
for Kathleen,  
Sweet Kathleen O'More.

And I, like the waters, the birds, and the flowers,  
ers,

Was happy with Kathleen ; sped gayly the hours  
In loving sweet Kathleen ; ah ! who loved not  
Kathleen,  
Sweet Kathleen O'More.

Ah ! radiant and rare in the soft summer air,  
The angels watched Kathleen, so good and so  
fair ;  
Looked kindly on Kathleen, all loving sweet  
Kathleen,  
Sweet Kathleen O'More.

How sad seems the night ! In memory's light  
Floats faintly sweet Kathleen, long passed from  
our sight ;  
For the angels loved Kathleen, in Heaven is  
Kathleen,  
Sweet Kathleen O'More.

## THE OLD PLAYGROUND

MUSIC ARRANGED BY DE RUVER

I AM sitting to-day in the old playground,  
Where you and I have sat so oft together ;  
I'm thinking of the joys when you and I were  
    boys,  
In those merry days now gone, John, forever.

'T was here we sat in the merry olden time  
And dreamed of the wide world before us ;  
Our visions and hopes of the coming time  
Were bright as the sun which shone o'er us.

O'er this threshold, John, we passed forlorn,  
To wander, we knew not where ;  
The Heaven we thought bright was o'ershad-  
    owed by night,  
The pathway lay dark and drear.

I'm sitting to-day in the old playground,  
Where you and I have sat so oft together ;  
These memories mild have made me a child,  
As in those merry days now gone, John, forever.

## UNFURL THE GLORIOUS BANNER

MUSIC COMPOSED BY HARRY KLEBER

UNFURL the glorious banner, let it sway upon the  
breeze,  
The emblem of our country's pride on land and  
on the seas ;  
The emblem of our liberty, borne proudly in the  
wars,  
The hope of every freeman, the gleaming stripes  
and stars.

CHORUS : Unfurl the glorious banner out upon  
the welcoming air,  
Read the record of the olden time upon its  
radiance there ;  
And while it floats above us, a beacon it shall  
be  
Of gentle light in time of peace, or guide to  
victory.

The noble band of patriots who gave the flag its  
birth  
Have writ with steel in history the record of their  
worth ;



## UNFURL THE GLORIOUS BANNER 61

From east to west, from sea to sea, from pole  
to tropic sun,  
Will eyes grow bright and hearts throb high at  
name of Washington.

CHORUS.

Ah! proudly should we bear it, and guard this  
flag of ours,  
Borne bravely in its infancy amid the darker  
hours ;  
Only the true should wear it,—a guerdon it  
should be  
To those who well have won the right to boast  
of liberty.

CHORUS.

The meteor flag of Seventy-six, long may it wave  
in pride,  
To tell the world how nobly the patriot fathers  
died ;  
When from the shadows of their night outburst  
the brilliant sun,  
It bathed in light the stripes and stars, and lo !  
the field was won.

CHORUS.

Unfurl the glorious banner out upon the welcom-  
ing air,  
Read the record of their gallantry upon its radi-  
ance there ;  
In the battle it shall lead us, and the banner ever be  
A beacon light to glory, a guide to victory.

CHORUS.



RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS



WHERE the sunlight peers down through the  
quivering leaves

And flecks the cool shadows of murmuring trees,  
And the birds and the sky and the earth are in  
tune

With the radiant air and the roses of June ;  
Where the waters lapse in on the sedge ever-  
more,

Bringing whispering sounds from the mystical  
shore

Which, vague in the distance, and dreamy and  
dim,

Seems a magical land on the lake's further  
brim, —

There are two little fellows who all the day long  
Hear the musical winds, the wave and the song.  
What brings color and fragrance to all the bright  
flowers,

Brings them beautiful things all the beautiful  
hours ; —

Sweet vigor and health, and honor and truth,  
And all that gives color and fragrance to youth.  
Drink in all the sweetness, the peace, the con-  
tent,

The rapture, the stillness, the joys that are sent ;

66 RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS

Some day will come back, like a vision or dream,  
All these beautiful things, — all the charm of the  
scene,

And my boy, **WILLIE ALLEN**, recall with a  
sigh,

Sweet **ELLIS COTTAGE**,  
**CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.**

WHEN little pet Mazie comes back from her fish-  
ing,  
Relating with pride how she "most caught a  
bite,"  
Though the stream, sky, and air have been all to  
her wishing,  
They will not round out all her happiness, quite.  
For with evening comes tenderest thoughts of  
her home,  
The loving arms clasped, the last good-night kiss,  
And her blue eyes grow dim, and she feels all  
alone  
For a moment, in thought of the tender caress.  
To cheer up the dear Pet I send her this letter ;  
But be careful, dear postman, the dear little elf  
Is a dignified maid ! Perhaps you had better  
Ask for **MARY L. ALLEN**, else Petty herself  
Might think **NEW CASTLE** town had too free  
a way,  
And would want to leave there for this part  
of **PA.**

WHERE the bright waters murmur up the beach,  
And white-sailed ships lie dozing off the lea ;  
Where crescent shores extend in sandy reach,  
And nestles down **HYANNIS** by the sea ;

Where dreamy hours glide by with silent feet,  
And peaceful days ebb gently as the tide,  
Where wood flowers tempt with odors sweet  
The fragrant winds that woo the ocean wide ;

Where summer's skies are clear and crystal blue,  
And fleecy argosies float overhead,  
Where summer seas reflecting all their hue  
Stretch eastward till the sky and sea are wed, —

There on the sands where rippling waters rhyme  
The melody that all the centuries know,  
The children, careless of the fleeting time,  
With joyous laughter watch the ebb and flow.

O **HAROLD ALLEN**, of the Saxon line,  
Earlier seas brought sorrow to the Saxon king ;  
By peaceful seas a happier fate is thine,  
To you of hope and joy the waters sing.



RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS 69

Through centuries may they sing their peaceful  
song,  
And laughing children by their margin wait ;  
And still for centuries to come sing on,  
And long bring joy and comfort to the **OLD**  
**BAY STATE.**

On the broad prairie, where the summer sun  
Shines down on fields wherein the cornblades  
quiver,  
Where, winding slow, the pleasant waters run,  
There sits fair **LAWRENCE** by the **KANSAS**  
river.

O fruitful fields, no more the echoing rifle  
Startles the listening winds with tales of slaugh-  
ter ;  
When Slavery reached her murderous hands to  
stifle  
The beauteous prairie child, fair freedom's daugh-  
ter.

O **CHARLIE FINDLEY**, eyes of summer  
blue  
Have wept for those who fell in that dread  
fray ;  
And children, loving home not less than you,  
Have wandered homeless from these fields  
away.

## 70 RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS

And nameless men have died defending right,  
Where gentle peace now lingers by this stream ;  
No nobler deeds were ever writ in song,  
Or told of in romance's wildest dream.

And so, dear boy, as through the streets you  
    wend,  
With smiles for those you see on every side,  
Let grateful thoughts of living friends still blend  
With grateful thoughts of those who nameless  
    died.

O youth ! so eager for the world's great fight,  
Pause here awhile, accept the lesson taught ;  
Swear to be loyal ever to the right,  
Or else in vain for you these heroes wrought.

PASS this letter along, my good man, custodian of  
P. O. locks ;

You, mail clerk, get it in the right bag ; you,  
postman, in the right box ;

For my old friend, when his boat comes in, will  
call and see

If the mail has brought him anything ; and **CAPT.**  
**JOHN G.**

**PARKER** will get his back up if there is any  
delay,

And you give him a letter to-morrow he ought to  
get to-day.

He might say "cuss words," and might also  
think that I

Should drop a line to Washington and ask them  
to pry

Into the matter a little ; and a half dozen other  
fellows

Who are waiting for your place would get out  
their little bellows

And blow this spark into flame, and you might  
be "fired out."

So pass this letter along, good fellows, both "end  
men" and *en route*,

72 RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS

And get this letter to its owner all in proper  
season,

Or in default thereof have prepared an excellent  
reason ;

For neither to the one or other is the chance so  
dim,

Either to you on the route, or to you, my friend,  
at OLYM-

PIA ; but it would be wise to hurry up, my dear  
sir,

And get this letter out and delivered to WASH-  
INGTON TER.

WHEN the night lamps are lit, and we're grouped  
all together, —

We folk that are left in the old house at home,  
Then we miss both the boys, and wondering  
whether

They yearn, too, for us, as south'ard they roam ;  
We indite ye epistle, and thanking the railway  
Which, scornful of space, sweeps out from our  
sight,

We know in brief time they will read what we  
say

Of tenderest love on this sweet summer night.

We know that even amid all their pleasure,  
'Mid old friends well met and friends newly  
found,

It will add to their gladness additional measure  
To receive loving words from the dear Smoky  
Town.

Some faith I have lost amid all the sterner  
And harassing cares that test worldly truth,  
But believe **WILLIE ALLEN** and bright  
**JESSE TURNER**

Could never forget the dear friends of their  
youth.

## 74 RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS

Time flies, my dear boys, spring is not forever ;  
Be gay when you can, *all* you can during  
This pleasant sojourn, you two cousins together ;  
With those whom we love in the town of **VAN** .

**BUREN**

Enjoy all you may, inside of the law,  
And you 'll find pleasant people in old **ARKAN-**  
**SAS.**

ON Jordan's stormy banks he stood, and cast a  
wishful eye

To Massachusetts' rocky shore, where fair pos-  
sessions lie ;

And as he gazed, there came desire, that strong  
and stronger grew,

That he could leave his lonely life, and go and  
lie there too ;

Whereon he girded up his loins, and left that  
land of darkness,

And struck out for the rising sun ; behold him !

**MARTIN HARKNESS,**

The youth within whose guileless breast dwells  
none of **SALT LAKE**'s evil,

Who scorns the many-wived **UTAH** as saints  
would scorn the devil.

O miner, after all these years of toiling without  
measure,

Your eager steps to home return to seek life's  
greatest treasure.

Stand by, all gentile friends, to see again by Salt  
Lake's water

This gallant *homo* come again, with Massachu-  
setts' daughter.

## 76 RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS

Nay, only one, good Mormons all ; but see ! in  
Nature's plenty  
Are gathered all the charms in her you hope to  
find in twenty.  
Fair bride, accept my loving ruth, while friends  
press 'round to meet you  
I only (though with equal truth) may send these  
lines to greet you.



JOHN H. ROBINSON,

OIL CITY, PA.,

Hand this letter to **CHIP ALLEN** right away,  
Tell him to get that whereof I write,  
And to be home certainly next Tuesday night ;  
Vacation done, school demands the old toil  
For another year, he must go "short " on oil.  
Then maybe he can go again to Oil City ;  
*Deo volente*, and if not, more 's the pity.  
Only Ingersol *et al* "gang their ain gait"  
And deem no Higher Power bids go, or wait ;  
But we believe that even for Bulls and Bears  
The "Great Power " daily watches and cares.  
But I must say on faith it 's a heavy pull  
To think He worries over either Bear or Bull ;  
If faith had such another strain to endure,  
Ingersol would have it all his own way, sure.

UP the long line of prairie lands,  
The tiny threads of iron bands  
Wind thro' the ever deepening snow,  
Where Platte rolls down with seaward flow ;  
And lessening lines of spectral posts  
Bear burden of æolian hosts  
That constant tell with moans and sighs  
Of gloomy lands and desolate skies.  
Still upward, where the mountain crest  
Looks down upon the farther West,  
The iron bands still seaward go,  
Past inland lake and rivers' flow,  
Through Mormon realm and land of gold,  
Through vineyard slopes and arctic cold,  
Through deserts drear and generous fields.  
Here lava rocks, there Nature yields  
The golden grain ; here heights sublime,  
There meadows green ; here rugged pine,  
There summer flowers ; but here and there,  
In summer skies and wintry air,  
The constant rails are ever seen  
Still pressing on to where the queen  
Of sunset shores sleeps on the bay ;  
And at her feet they lay the store  
Which they have brought from shore to shore.

O City Queen, unto your care  
 They trust a treasure rich and rare ;  
 To years of gray, from age of youth  
 I've treasured friendship, pure as truth ;  
 And in these happy Christmas times,  
 Enveloped in these careless rhymes  
 I send to **MISTRESS ANNE STROUD**  
 These Christmas lines. Nor think me proud,  
 O City Queen, O Ocean Bride,  
 Because in all your golden pride  
 I deem you honored, bearing on  
 This trust to **PORTLAND, OREGON.**

'T WAS believed that the gleam of the earliest morn  
Lit up the bright east with the glorious rays,  
And with crimson and gold hailed the hour newly  
    born,  
The herald of all the serene summer days.

So all poets had sung, so astronomers taught,  
And the fable had come to us down thro' the  
    ages ;  
But the silly tradition is now set at naught,  
We laugh at the teachers whom once we thought  
    sages.

For we know in the East we **MISS MORNING**  
    **GLORY,**  
Where they taught us of old that the golden  
    dawn-sun  
Streamed with banners of light, — 't is a fabulous  
    story ;  
The brightness is all in the west with Miss  
    **JOHNSTON.**

The old myth has faded, the change has been  
    thorough,  
The faith of our childhood has left us.   Oh, why,  
    oh,

RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS 81

Did they twist the horizon around to **HILLS-**  
**BOROUGH,**  
And move our bright East 'way out west to  
**OHIO!**

ON thy clear flowing tide, O beautiful river,  
Gliding down in the track of the westering sun,  
From thy shallows defend, from thy sand bars  
deliver

The tiny, wee craft (till its haven is won)  
Of these young friends of mine whose intent is  
to wander, —

One named ROBERT BURNS, one JOHN  
ALEXANDER,

From thy source to where CAIRO will show to  
the boys

How the grand Mississippi by fair ILLINOIS,  
The bluff, old, impetuous Father of Waters  
Receives in his bosom his fairest of daughters.  
O Postman of that ilk, when hither doth come  
A fair, frank young face, give this letter from home.  
You may smile at his eager and sparkling eyes  
When you hand it out to him, but yet will arise  
A sigh for your youth, as you, dreaming, re-  
member

Your springtime of life, in this bleak, gray No-  
vember.

For this gleam of your boyhood, as back your  
thoughts wander,

Bid God-speed to John, our boy, John Alexander.

As down the old watery dad you meander,  
Just drop off at Memphis, O! JOHN ALEX-  
ANDER,

For there I have sent you a rhythmical letter ; —  
Seen that one at CAIRO, and gone you one  
better.

So take up your oars, and companioned by Joy  
And Hope, bid farewell to fair ILLINOIS.

Now don't, my dear Postman, "go off on your  
ear,"

Because this rhythmical letter comes here ;  
'T would grieve me to think that this " raised your  
dander,"

And made you act ugly to **JOHN ALEX-  
ANDER,**

My young artist friend who will float down the  
river,

And ask you at **MEMPHIS** this sheet to deliver.  
Be gentle unto him, for O my dear "pard,"

It might be you'd find yourself hit very hard  
By this sketchy young fellow who holds **TEN-  
NESSEE**

At the point of his pencil, and might in his free  
And debonair style make a grotesque "dead set"  
At your cynical face ;—and this would, "you  
bet,"

Be rueful to you when in some magazine  
He pictures the places and people he's seen.  
So give him your bright side and reach out your  
hand,

And "smole him a smile" that is childlike and  
bland ;

And when further south'ard he wendeth his way,



RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS 85

Wish him every good fortune ; but don't in your  
play,

When for luck's sake you throw your old shoe as  
a present,

Leave your foot in the leather, — it would n't be  
pleasant.

WHERE I write there is snow deep on the ground,  
White-shrouded the trees, and keen and chill the  
air.

He to whom this letter goes will be found  
In the land of the vine ; and yet there  
Will be seen snowy fields and icicles clear  
Side by side with meadows green, and tropic  
light

With brassy skies, and glaciers with prisms  
bright,  
And angels' faces look down, and human faces  
divine

All glowing with love, and peaceful, shine  
Upon my friend, who can, by magic spell  
And by deft use of magic brush, compel  
All scenes, all faces, both divine and human,  
Grave, earnest men, and tender, loving women,  
To be about him ; — can call all airs, all climes,  
Upon his glowing canvas, — the summer hours,  
With golden fields and sky-reflected flowers,  
Or winter fields, or autumn's leafless bowers.  
O Painter, more than this is thine —  
The power to gather hearts about thy shrine ;  
There may be those who little reck

RHYMING ADDRESSES TO LETTERS 87

Thy genius, O my friend, **FRANK DUVAN-**  
**ECK;**

But none can in all beauteous **FLORENCE** see  
Thine equal as a friend. Nor can there be  
More generous heart in all fair **ITALY.**

Ho, Postman of **ASHLAND**, don't frown, my  
good friend,  
Because to **OHIO** this letter I send ;  
With a rhyming address, while with specs on your  
nose  
You try to decipher the place where it goes,  
And wonder that those who send letters through  
you  
Cannot plainly direct them, as other folks do.  
It is simple enough, she's so blooming and hearty,  
You certainly cannot **MISS KATIE McCARTY**;  
Put your specs in your case, do not bother your  
brains ;  
These stanzas have cost me no end of pains.  
There is no rhythm left, and the very next time  
I write her there shan't be a vestige of rhyme !

O POSTMAN, old fellow, as through you I send  
This letter to give to my dear little friend,  
I can fancy his comical look of surprise,  
And witness the gleam of his sparkling eyes  
As you say, " Little chappie, a letter for you,  
Addressed CHARLIE FINDLEY, here's some-  
thing new ;

Just arrived in the mail for MEADVILLE, to-  
day,

Postage all right, there is nothing to PA."  
And the dear little fellow will hardly know  
whether

To thank you or me, or both us together.  
Well, let him thank both ; I send, you deliver ;  
If we gladden his heart, let us both be the giver ;  
To give pleasure to youth is the purest of joys,  
What could we do more, we two jolly old boys ?

WHATEVER charm of sea or shore  
May linger by the seaside reach,  
There still may be a pleasure more  
To swell the magic of the beach.

Whatever grace of sea or shore  
May linger by the ebbing tide,  
The constant sea for evermore  
Would **MISS GRACE** ——— from its  
side.

O time of roses, youth, and grace,  
Where you abide is the true court  
And realm of love, and her sweet face  
Has made the lists with you, **NEWPORT**.

**RHODE ISLAND**, keep thy treasure well ;  
O waves, make music on the shore ;  
And like the murmur of a shell  
Sing, constant sea, for evermore.

THIS to my comrade, COLONEL JOHN H.  
CAIN,

Camp'd where French Creek's famed historic  
stream

Comes from the Lake, singing the same old strain  
And flashing, as it sings, the fitful gleam

The painted Indian knew, paddling his light canoe  
Under the shaded banks and past the silent trees,  
Stirred by the horror of the scalp halloo,  
Borne to the awe-struck hills upon the shudder-  
ing breeze.

A change is o'er thy waters since those evil days,  
Peace reigns where ghastly terror filled the air ;  
The church bells chime of peaceful Christian  
ways,

And children's voices ring in laughter, where  
Of old the captive's shriek down by the water side  
Rang through the listening woods, in deep de-  
spair,

In hours of torture ere the victim died,  
Hearing thy music mock his agony and prayer.

While yet the babbling waters tell the woe  
Of fierce and bloody warfare thro' the years

That now seems but a dream of long ago,  
When peace and safety banish all these fears,  
Happy, in all these happier days may bring,  
A peaceful people dwell in peaceful ways,  
And, still remembering what thy waters sing,  
Rest in the summer ease of summer days.

Ah ! comrade mine, whose right to rest at last  
Was earned by suffering through the days of  
old —

Through all the blood and tears of wars long past,  
And all the hardships that cannot be told,  
I fancy, like the stream that murmurs on,  
The past is with you still, and who shall say,  
What memories of the fateful days now gone  
Come to my comrade in his home, **FRANK-  
LIN, PA.**



IN CALLOW DAYS



## MUSIC

ÆTAT 12

It is music to the mariner  
To hear the light winds sigh,  
The murmur of the white-cap waves  
That fitfully roll by.

It is music to the forester  
To hear the rude wind strong  
Rage through the forest, or to hear  
The wild bird's echoing song.

It is music to the farmer  
To hear the rustling corn,  
As the bright sun shines upon it  
On a sunny August morn.

The Poet loves the music  
Of the clear and sparkling rill,  
As it prattles o'er its pebbly way  
On an evening calm and still.

But let me hear the music  
To our fireside memories dear —

The melodies of childhood  
Are sweetest to my ear.

They awaken thoughts of school-time,  
When we sported all the day,  
And our playmates' voices live again  
In the well-remembered lay.

## THE STOMACH-ACHE

YE that know what 't is to suffer,  
Join me in the prayer I make ;  
Of all the ills that flesh is heir to,  
Save me from the stomach-ache.

Rolling, moaning,  
Tossing, groaning,  
Wond'ring what the world to take,  
'T is no trouble bending double,  
There 's nothing like the stomach-ache !

Old Prometheus, from whose liver  
Vultures daily morsels take,  
(The thought 's enough to make one shiver)  
Knew nothing like the stomach-ache.

Peppermint and ginger-tea,  
Whiskey hot, and sangaree,  
Though I 'm temperate, anything —  
Wine or gin, or brandy sling.  
My stomach is a spirit lake,  
Mercy on us ! what a rout —  
Enough to burn one's entrails out ;  
There 's nothing like the stomach-ache !

Tantalus, who much desired  
“ Suthin’ ” for his stomach’s sake,  
Must have had a time of it, —  
But nothing like the stomach-ache !  
    Tying bedclothes in a knot,  
    Heaving up you know not what,  
Now with knees up to your head,  
Springing almost out of bed,  
Now as stiff as any stake ;  
    Grumbling, growling,  
    Shrieking, howling,  
    There ’s nothing like the stomach-ache !

Ye who would the world forget,  
And the toils which it doth make,  
It is easy done — just set  
Yourself for touch of stomach-ache.  
    Stomach sick, and head so dizzy,  
    I warrant it to keep you busy  
    Tumbling, tearing,  
    Pitching, rearing,  
It ’s the last attempt you ’ll make ;  
When you try, you ’ll not deny  
    There ’s nothing like the stomach-ache !

## TO BROTHER GEORGE

ONCE A FAMOUS MARBLE PLAYER

LIFE 's but a game of marbles, George,  
And many do we meet  
Who don't "lay in their nickers,"  
And try every way to cheat.

There are those who live by "inching,"  
And many "Sam McCord ;"  
And others, like (well, you know whom)  
Ne'er spend, but always hoard.

Some all their lives "shoot easy," George,  
Some "plump," with might and main ;  
And always bear in mind that those  
Who risk naught, nothing gain.

Many are "killed" in the "first ring,"  
Some "knock their nickers fenn ;"  
Others lose courage with one "bad shot,"  
And never "shoot" again.

Some "knuckle" ere they "plump," George,  
Like birds which stoop to fly,

(99)

L. of C.

Then look with scorn on their old friends  
From their places set on high.

Some always "draw," and all their lives  
Will dread the rich man's frown ;  
Others again have self-respect,  
And never "knuckle down."

One in revenge will have "man dobbs,"  
Though cowardly, my brother ;  
And you will find the men who will  
Strike one man through another.

Some lose all ; and when they fail  
In what they 've undertaken,  
Being thus "fenn for the ring,"  
Are by the world forsaken.

So George, you see in your old game,  
In which you won the laurel,  
You filled your pockets with the spoil,  
And overlooked the moral.

I guess that 's Life ; who wins the toss  
Hears but the coin's sweet chinking,  
And leaves the one who bears the loss  
To do the serious thinking.



## BURIAL PRAYER

O ! BURY me by the green brookside,  
Where the willow kisses the rippling tide ;  
Where naught is heard but the waterfall,  
Or the echo of the red bird's call ;  
Where the flowers breathe sweets on the summer  
air —

Bury me there.

I am willing to die, and I bide my time  
Content, though cut off in the flush of prime ;  
But my hope would depart, and my peace be  
fled

Did I know that my body, when I am dead,  
Would be laid in the dusty city, where  
All is noise and confusion —

Not there, O ! not there.

But afar in some sequestered glen,  
Far, far, from the busy haunts of men,  
Where the willow, with its drooping bough,  
Weeps for the one so lonely now ;  
Where the squirrel peeps out from hidden lair —

Bury me there.

Where naught is heard on the turf above  
But the mourner's tread on the errand of love,  
Or the mournful call of the whippoorwill,  
As it wakens the forest so solemn and still,  
And the moonlight silvers the blossoms near —  
Bury me there.

Then my spirit would hover o'er haunts loved of  
yore ;  
And those who wept would grieve them no more,  
For the green grass above and the flowers around  
Would tell them of heaven, where my spirit had  
found  
A refuge and rest from all sorrow and care ;  
Then bury there, O ! bury me there.

## TO BROTHER WILLIAM

ON THE HILL WATCHING THE COMING OF HIS HOME-  
WARD-BOUND BOAT

RECENTLY risen from sickness and pain,  
I am out in the free, pure air again,  
And on the grass-grown quarry's brow,  
In the cheering sun I am sitting now.  
In the dreamy home of an invalid's brain  
Fancy is weaving a wondrous chain ;  
Thoughts as of one forsaken and lone  
Weirdly mingle with thoughts of home.  
The city noise and the city hum  
Chastened by space, to me doth come  
Bringing thoughts, I know not why,  
Shadowy thoughts of days gone by ;  
Dim memories of happier hours,  
Like the lost scent of faded flowers.  
Yet one clear thought distinctly comes  
Through the misty veil of its dreamy home  
Like a clear star through the ether blue, —  
Looking for you, Willie, looking for you !

Looking for you, how the brain doth teem  
With myriad thoughts of what hath been

The treasured hopes of long gone years —  
Their joys — their griefs — their smiles — their  
tears ;

The world seems dim ; the skies above  
Have naught of earth but faith and love,  
And, purged from dross by painful days,  
I seem aloof from worldly ways,  
Forgetting all things of now and here,  
Save the great joy of your coming near ;  
Deeming all sounds, from grasshoppers' drone  
To song of the birds, echo "Brother, come home ;"  
While Sol, dropping down to the sunset tree,  
Doth throw a smile on the waters for thee,  
And the last bright ray of the closing day  
Weaves a tissue of gold o'er thy coming way,  
And I with a hope-smile, radiant too,  
Am looking for you, Willie, looking for you.

## TO SISTER ELIZABETH

WHO GAVE BACK TO ME A CORNELIAN EARDROP I HAD  
GIVEN HER AT CONCORD FARM, WHEN I CONSIDERED IT  
A GREAT TREASURE, AND THOUGHT I HAD MADE HER  
WEALTHY

I GAZED on the Cornelian, and the youthful days  
so bright,  
When in my sunny boyhood dreams I almost  
saw the "light  
That never was on sea or shore ;" when e'en the  
summer sky  
With all its gladdening joyousness was half a  
prophecy,  
Came drifting dimly back to me, through the  
forgetful past,  
Seen faintly through the shadowy veil the years  
had overcast ;  
And a melody rang through it all, — a sweet and  
flute-like strain —  
The songs that Libbie used to sing ; and my  
youth came back again.

And the past rose clear before me, and the misty  
veil uprose ;  
I saw sweet Concord's meadows green beneath  
the sun repose,

I saw the distant brooklet gleaming brightly in  
the sun,  
And the shadows of the forest trees tell when  
the day was done.  
I seemed to see the village church, and thro' the  
open door  
I saw devoutly kneeling men whose heads were  
silvered o'er  
By the frost of many winters, — whose hands, so  
palsied now,  
Had oftentimes in the furrowed field managed with  
skill the plough.

And some who in the prime of youth knelt down  
on bended knee,  
With hearts uplifted thankfully to Thee, O God !  
to Thee,  
And there the youthful mother, and the father's  
look of pride,  
And there the sturdy farmer with his children by  
his side ;  
Over all the quaint old hymn, borne sweetly in  
the air,  
And echoing thro' the forest, 'mid the solemn  
stillness there,  
Did mingle with the waterfall, reëchoing down  
the rill,  
And die in rich, wild music far o'er the distant  
hill.

I wandered to the churchyard ; the simple head-  
stones bore

The names of some with moss o'ergrown full  
many years before ;

And some whose names upon the stone told of a  
later date,

Of grieving friends who, mourning, weep at their  
untimely fate.

One small mound, with flowers bedecked, told of  
the anguish wild —

The deep, heart-broken sorrow of a mother for  
her child.

But the sun shone warmly over all, and nestling  
shadows lay

Calmly alike on fresh-carved tomb and on the  
tablet gray.

I saw once more the green brookside with over-  
hanging trees,

Where the music of the Third Church bell came  
faintly on the breeze.

I heard again the crickets' chirp, I heard the wild  
birds sing,

And distant sound of woodsman's axe thro' the  
old forest ring.

Away far up the brookside, and through the  
quivering leaves,

I see the large, old rambling barn, with birds'  
nests in the eaves ;

And while the clear brook at my feet, still flowing, murmurs on,  
The rippling waters bring to me sweet thoughts  
of days now gone.

Then to our little milldam, where we thought the  
ducks would swim,  
(And where perhaps they would have, had it held  
the water in),  
I saw the two blood horses, Wild Nell and patient  
Sally,  
And the spot where Walter buried one adown  
the lonesome valley ;  
I seemed to see the orchard, it all looked just the  
same ;  
E'en to that stout old apple-tree where William  
cut his name,  
And the little house that Walter built beneath  
the straw so deep,  
Where we'd read the Cyclopædia, and reading,  
fall asleep.

A change is o'er my spirit, and I no more can  
see  
The scenes I have recalled again of boyhood's  
days of glee ;  
And naught is now before me but the stone I  
sent to you,  
And a vague remembrance of the good I then  
thought it could do.



Change has come sadly over all, and still must  
    changes come, —  
As it has been so it must be, 'til our journey  
    here is done ;  
I'm not the same, nor you the same, and o'er  
    that quiet home  
Years have brought change, and it is drear, and  
    desolate, and lone.

You've sought another home since then, where  
    the Indian trod before,  
And where on high their graves are seen on far  
    Virginia's shore.  
And one whose laugh with yours rang out and  
    floated o'er the hill,  
In distant lands since often heard, is now forever  
    still.  
And I, the happy-hearted boy, who, in my joyous  
    youth  
Thought all I saw was as it seemed, — all purity  
    and truth,  
Upon those hills no longer roam ; nor ever can  
    there be  
As cheering sun, as brightening hopes, as once  
    shone over me.

## REPLY OF COLONEL EDWARD JAY ALLEN

To Asst. Adjutant General Thomas, on his presentation of a flag from the State of Pennsylvania to the 155th Regiment Penna. Volunteers at Sharpsburg, Maryland, after the battle of Antietam, 1862

GENERAL, — In behalf of the one hundred and fifty-fifth regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, I receive at your hand with pride and pleasure this glorious proof that the Old Commonwealth has not forgotten her sons who went forth from her bosom to battle for the integrity of the Federal Arch, of which she is the keystone.

While I am proud that Pennsylvania deems us worthy of so precious a trust, I receive it with a saddened heart ; for gazing upon its starry folds I remember the tried and the true who have gone down to the silent dead in this struggle of freedom against despotism while the end for which they fought was yet unaccomplished.

Brave spirits ! Gallant souls ! May the memory of their deeds nerve us in our hour of battle, that we may garner the harvest of which they planted the seed.

Remembering the calm grandeur of these heroes dead, it is not for us to make promise of

our future ; but we may say to you, the honored representative of our native State and of home, that we feel the deep responsibility resting upon all Americans in this struggle, and hope that when we go forth to the fray, as better men have gone before us, we will merit the confidence of those who love us, and some day may turn toward home and deliver this banner once again to Pennsylvania, and, grouped about it lovingly, may say with pride and with truth, Tattered though it be by the winds of heaven, soiled though it be by the dust of earth, stained by the blood of our comrades in the field, we give it again to thy trust, O Pennsylvania, undimmed by shame, unstained by dishonor.

Battles in which the regiment was engaged :—

Antietam	Bethesda Church
Fredericksburg	Cold Harbor
Chancellorsville	Petersburg
Aldie	Weldon Railroad
Rappahannock Station	Peebles Farm
Mine Run	Hatchers Run
Wilderness	Quakers Ford
Laurel Hill	Boynton Plank Road
Spottsylvania	White Oak Road
South Anna River	Five Forks
Tolopotomy	Sailors Creek
	Gettysburg
	Appomattox







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